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THE HUNTER AND THE DOE.

BY PHINEAS CARTY.

A lonely life, a pitiful sight to see,  
She lay about her, shamed and bold,  
Was by a hunter found, who tenderly  
Sheltered her in his bosom from the cold.

Poor delicate one, she had no other choice;  
Save ravishing love, she could not give him less;  
In all the world beside there was no voice  
Whose tones for her dropped into tenderness!

And so it came about that here she stayed;  
Over the hills, she followed him wide;  
No fields of sweetest flowers, nor pleasant shade,  
Had any power to lure her from his side.

But he, as light and roving hunters may,  
Another season found another mate;  
Of her grown weary, pushed her from his way  
With careless hand, and left her to her fate.

Now in the dust her head has fallen low,  
She hardly cares to lift it up again;  
Another who had struck the self-same blow,  
Could not have hurt her with so sharp a pain.

Therefore, in silent helplessness she lies,  
Crushed utterly with shame, and sore distressed,  
 Pierced through the heart, and smitten beneath the eyes  
By the same hand that yesterday caressed.

Oh, faithless master of that fatal doe,  
Whose life must end in thee where it began;  
Oh, tenderest friend, oh, cruellest, cruelest foe!  
That ever creature had, thou art the man!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THEN THE LIGHT OF A CANDLE ILLUMINATED THE ROOM.

close contact with each other, and yet ex-

pecting them not to yield to that love which

is the basis of all hearts. It is in our nature

to love; when we curb that love we curb na-

ture—we destroy the holiest instinct of our

being. But man is often blind. Tremaine

was in this instance; he would be fortunate

if his eyes were not painfully opened.

"Father, here's Doctor Dornon," said Os-

wald, as he caught a glimpse of that gentle-

man ascending the steps.

Tremaine rose, and telling the servant to

show the doctor into his library, retired there,

leaving Oswald and Essie alone in the parlor.

In the library Tremaine was soon joined

by the doctor, who was a brisk-looking little

man, full of life and spirits.

"Good-day, Tremaine," cried the doctor,

in his usual curt, impulsive way, "I've

found your secretary for you; just the man

for you."

"Indeed! well, I'm glad to hear it, wonder-

ful," replied Tremaine, "for my papers need

regulating. What is he like?"

"He's not a young man—indeed, I may

say that he's an old man, probably about fifty-five or sixty; but in full possession of all

his faculties. Quiet, careful and able. Just

the man you want to look after your affairs

attend to your leases, etc. A man you can

trust."

"That's a good recommendation," observed

Tremaine.

"Yes, I should say so, in these days of

embezzlement and fraud. Ah! Mr. Tre-

maine, do you know I sometimes rejoice that

I'm not a rich man? Blessed are they that

have nothing—for they can't lose it," and

the doctor laughed, merry, cheerful little

laugh.

"What is this gentleman's name?"

"Well, pon my life, I can't remember;

but I've such a memory for names, you

know. Never could keep one in my head

longer than ten minutes. But the gentleman

has the best of recommendations; he has

been with Doctor Brown of Twenty-third

street nearly ten years. The doctor has

just given up practice, retired, and of course

no longer needs a secretary. The doctor

spoke to me about recommending the gen-

tleman to any of my acquaintances that

might be in need of such a person. I

thought of you in an instant, as I knew you

wanted a secretary and confidential man of

business. So I told the doctor that I would

speak to you about it at once. Will

you do so?"

"Certainly," replied the doctor; "we physi-

cians, you know, are not used to telling

tales out of school; if we were, what a pre-

cious lot of news there would be kicked up

in some families of my acquaintance."

"I know I can trust you, doctor; and I

thank you too for having spoken on the sub-

ject. I did not think of the danger that

there was in bringing these two young peo-

ple together."

"Oh, you mustn't mind my nonsense!"

cried the doctor. "I don't suppose that they

care two pins about each other."

"Yes, but there is danger that they may-

I am glad that I have thought of this in

time," said Tremaine.

"I shall be very much obliged."

"Don't mention it!"

"Won't you have a glass of wine, doctor,

before you go?" said Tremaine, as the doc-

tor rose to take his departure. "I have some

excellent sherry that I imported myself; I can

vouch for its goodness," and Tremaine rang

for the servant.

"Well, that's saying a great deal in these

days of adulteration," returned the doctor.

"I plead guilty to a weakness for a little

good wine—for the stomach's sake, you

know, Mr. Tremaine," and the doctor laugh-

ed at his excuse.

## The Ace of Spades:

OR,

### IOLA, THE STREET SWEEPER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER VIII.

BETTER DEATH THAN LOVE.

It was a delightful afternoon; the sun shone warm and pleasant. Broadway was filled with the countless throng that the pleasant weather had called forth.

At one of the windows of a club-room on Broadway, not far from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, sat two young men gazing out upon the passing multitude.

The two men were dressed in the height of fashion, and were evidently well to do in the world.

"By Jove!" cried the taller of the two, who was elaborately "got up" in a light suit with neck-tie and gloves to match, "who is that pretty girl with the blonde hair and blue eyes in that carriage with the bays?"

The other looked in the direction indicated by the finger of his companion.

"Why, don't you know?"

"No; she's a deuced pretty girl."

"That's a distant relation of Os' Tremaine—a cousin or something of that sort. She's only been in New York about a month."

"A country cousin, eh?"

"No, exactly; she's been to some boarding-school up the river somewhere. She's only about seventeen."

"By Jove! I should like an introduction," cried the tall one, who was called Rodman Cherring.

"I can get you one; you know I'm quite intimate with Oswald Tremaine," said his companion.

"What's her name?"

"Essie Troy."

"Deuced pretty name too."

"Yes; I say, Rod, you're not smitten at first sight, are you?" laughingly asked his companion.

"Well, I don't exactly know," he languidly replied.

"I should like an introduction," cried Rodman Cherring.

"I can get you one; you know I'm quite intimate with Oswald Tremaine," said his companion.

"What's her name?"

"Essie Troy."

"Deuced pretty name too."

"Yes; I say, Rod, you're not smitten at first sight, are you?" laughingly asked his companion.

"Well, it's natural," said the other.

"That's Tremaine's, Oswald's, governor. He's been in Europe for some years. He returned about a month ago."

"He hardly looks old enough to be Oswald's father."

"Yes, he's very well preserved," replied his companion.

Leaving the two young gentleman gazing out of the window, we will follow Tremaine to his home in Fifth avenue.

Loyal Tremaine has not changed greatly in sixteen years. He has grown a little stouter in form and a little fuller in the face, which has also lost its youthful look, and his wife

is dead. Tremaine is now a man of forty-one.

With him seated in the parlor is Oswald, his son, a young man of twenty; for Tremaine had been married young, and his wife

died in giving birth to Oswald, a year

after her marriage. Essie Troy, the girl that Tremaine had taken under his protection, was also in the room.

Oswald strongly resembled his father, although he had the dark-brown eyes and hair

of his mother.

Essie, who was a girl of seventeen, was

very pretty, in person a little below the

medium height of women. In face a blonde,

with silken, golden-haired curls clustering

thickly around her dainty head. Her eyes

were blue; large, lustrous, glorious eyes they

were too.

Oswald, who had never heard of his relative

until his father brought her home a month before, was charmed with Essie.

Living in the same house, always together, Oswald and the youth had a fond hope that

his passion might be returned by the fair girl whom he loved with that ardor that youth alone is capable of.

Tremaine little dreamed of the passion

of his son—a passion, the knowledge of which

would have filled his heart with agony. Man

of the world as he was, he did not think of

the danger of bringing two fresh hearts togeth-

er; of the folly of throwing them in

the fire.

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to dust. Loyal Tremaine could not repress a sigh as his past came back to his memory. The old man noticed the sigh.

"I fear I have tired you with my story."

"Oh, no!" responded Tremaine, hastily, "it was nothing but a remembrance that came to my mind. Then all the physicians gave their opinion that you would never recover your lost memory?"

"Yes; all except one," said the old man.

"And he gave a contrary opinion?"

"Yes. He was a Boston doctor, a learned and skillful man, but greatly given to what his brother physicians called 'isms.' He examined me very carefully; like the other Boston doctor, he said that my madness had been occasioned by a fracture of the skull, and that as a second shock of that part had partially restored me, a third would completely restore my cure."

"Well, the argument seems a good one. Then, to restore your memory you have only to fracture your skull again?"

"Exactly, sir, but he said he wouldn't recommend me to try the experiment."

"On the principle, I suppose, that it might kill as well as cure."

"Yes, sir. He also said that there was one other chance for me, and that was to experience some great mental shock; if some striking event of that past life, that I can not remember, were brought suddenly and vividly before my eyes or to my senses, it might produce a cure."

"Yours is a very strange case," said Tremaine, thoughtfully.

"Are you willing to take me into your household, sir; now that you have heard my story?" asked the old man.

"Certainly; and I assure you, sir, that I feel a deep sympathy for your misfortune."

"And so James Whitehead, the man with a dead life, became the secretary of Loyal Tremaine."

**CHAPTER X.**

THE DANCE-HOUSE IN WATER STREET.

AND now, reader, we will transport you to a little room on Broadway, situated on the second story of a small brick house, near the corner of Howard street.

It is an elegantly fitted up little apartment that we enter. A handsome carpet covers the floor. Beautiful and chastely-drawn pictures ornament the walls. A cosy bed, covered by a snowy-white counterpane, is in one corner, and a luxuriant lounge is in another. A book-case, well stored with standard poets and novels, fills a third. In a fourth a small rack, holding a double-barreled, stub and twist shot-gun—one made by Mullins of Ann street—a fishing-rod, finished off in German silver—as fine a piece of work as Prichard Brothers ever turned out—a pair of foils and masks, a game-bag, a shot-pouch, a powder-flask, a fishing-crook, and last of all a set of boxing-gloves.

All this varied display showed that the occupant of the room indulged not only in the delights of literature and the fine arts, but also in the many sports of the field.

And now, having described the "sanctum," let us come to the occupants. There are two, both of whom we know. First, the owner of all these articles, Catterton, the "Marquis," who, seated lazily in a rocking-chair, wrapped in a dressing-gown, is puffing a daintily-carved pipe. Second, Slippery Jim, who is extended at full length on the lounge in a state of delightful inactivity.

The "Marquis" hailed a boy that was passing.

"I say, 'pon the gal?"

"Well, I can try," laconically replied Catterton.

"Do you suppose she'll be willin' to go you?"

"I can soon find out."

"It's likely that she'll jump at any chance to escape the tyranny of that brute, English Bill."

"I never felt so strong an inclination to strike any one in my life as I had the other night when I had hold of him."

"Hit's a pity you didn't give 'im one fer 'is nob."

"The child restrained me; the little one saved the brute that had beaten her so often. But, come, let's be off."

Catterton turned down the gas, and the two left the apartment, the "Marquis" carefully locking the door behind him.

The two turned down Broadway, went up Canal street to the Bowery, down the Bowery, crossed Chatham Square, turned into James street, and then into Water. And, reader, if you want to see human life packed into houses by the square inch, just take the route that I have described any clear summer night, and before you get through James street to Water you will be gratified. You will behold a sight not to be seen in any other city in the United States; the "North-end," Boston, perhaps comes nearest to it.

Through the crowd of drunken sailors, swearing and abandoned women, ragged and dirty children of all years and sizes, itinerant vendors bawling forth their wares in the husky voices so peculiar to the New York street peddler, the "Marquis" and Jim made their way.

"What do you think of this, Jim?" asked Catterton.

"Vell, we can beat hit over the water, but not much. But that feller cryin' 'isters ain't nowhere 'sides of a London costermonger; an' then you don't ave no donkeys 'ere to draw the carts, yer know."

"Oh, yes, we have a few," answered the "Marquis"; but here's 300, so 314 can't be far off."

"There hit is ahead. It's a dance-house; don't you see the red light?" said Jim, pointing.

"The signal of danger, but it don't keep 'poor Jack' off the rocks."

"'Ow will you find the gal?"

"Ask one of the boys around the neighborhood."

By this time the two had reached the door of the dance-house, which was one of the lowest of its class; a den of thieves, who first drugged their victims with bad liquor, then robbed them of their money.

By the side of the building in which the dance-house was situated, was a small alleyway. This, Catterton conjectured, led to the house in the rear in which the street-sweeper lived.

The "Marquis" hailed a boy that was passing.

"I say, bub—"

"Who are you callin' bub, say?" answered the boy, indignantly. "Don't you know a gent when you see him, shan't he?"

"I apologize," said the "Marquis," in his most polished manner, "here's a quarter for you," which the boy pocketed instantly. "Can you tell me if there is a girl lives in the rear here who sweeps a crossing near the Herald office?"

"Yes, she's on the Herald office?"

"English Bill's gal?"

"Yes."

"She lives right in back o' here. Io, you mean?"

Catterton saw that this was an abbreviation of Iola.

"Yes, that's the girl I mean, Mr.—"

"Shorty, that's my handle. I sell papers, I does, an' I'm a bully boy with a tin ear!"

He was too much for Jim's nerves and he laughed outright in the boy's face, which made that individual dance round with rage like a bantam rooster.

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## TOM BLAKE.

BY SARA GOTTERY.

When sun-clouds gather o'er the prairie,  
Like shadows cast by their wake,  
Then I try to be wise and wary,  
My thoughts are pining Tom Blake.

They tell me, "he's not worth a penny,"  
That "to love him were a mistake;"  
I know as to wherein, if I'd only  
I'd freely divide with Tom Blake.

But wealth can be gathered forever,  
It lies on the land and the lake;  
But there's never another Tom Blake.

I care not though others may scorn him,  
I'd drown on them all for his sake,  
For the Grace coming to adorn him—  
Love lies in the glance of Tom Blake.

The passion now leaving my bosom  
Is wild as the winds on the lake,  
And still they cry, "Fanny loves him!"  
Whom who could I love but Tom Blake?

Alas! for the fate of poor woman!  
Alas! for the steps she may take!  
My heart, with a love that is human,  
Devotedly clings to Tom Blake.

Sometimes we wed to our sorrow,  
And sometimes we wed through mistake;  
But, if you should kill me to-morrow,  
To-day I would marry Tom Blake!

## My Rival's Revenge.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Honor hath her laws; there is excess  
In all revenge, that may be done with less.

LORD BROOK'S ALAHAN.

Did I ever tell it to you? No.  
Well, then, I'll begin at once. My name is Morgan Grenoble, and to-day I have reached the turning-point of my thirtieth year. People say that I look "odd," with almost snow-white hair, and wonder how it came thus to one so young. They do not know the story I am about to tell, for I have not long been a resident of this little Occidental town.

Eight years ago, come the twenty-ninth of this very March, I stood at the hymeneal altar with Laura Comstock. It was in Stockton, now quite a city in the heart of a great State. I was a telegraph-operator, and was stationed at Wayburgh, a station twenty miles from Stockton, and at the terminus of the then D. G. & C. R. R.

Returning from our honeymoon, I left my wife in Stockton, and proceeded to Wayburgh, intending to remain at my old post until relieved, which I thought would be in a few days, as my offered resignation had been accepted at head-quarters. I would have remained at Wayburgh, if a dwelling could have been procured.

The engineer on the "up" train was Mark Moore, a rather handsome young fellow, who had been my rival for the hand of the woman I called my wife. He was piqued at my success, and it was at Laura's request that he was present at our wedding. She thought a good deal of Mark, for he was a fine fellow; but there was one thing against him; he was very passionate.

When the train stopped at Moreland's, I alighted from the passenger-coach and walked forward to the engine. Mark was busily engaged oiling the machinery.

"How are you, Morgan?" he said, as he espied me, and held out his hand.

His disappointment seemed to have left him, and he was very pleasant.

I told him that my health was never better.

"Going to Wayburgh?" he said, as I said "Yes."

"Just get in with me," he said.

I replied that I would do so, and when the train moved away I was occupying a seat in the engine, chatting with the engineer.

"It is a long way up this grade," he remarked.

"Yes," I answered, "fifty-four miles."

"One hardly notices the ascent," he went on, "but the descent is an entirely different thing. I was thinking, Morgan, what a terrible thing it would be if an engine, with full power on, were to become unmanageable at the top of the grade, and dash away."

I shuddered.

"And if a man bent on revenge were to place a fellow-creature bound on the engine, what a terrible death he would hasten to, with almost lightning rapidity."

Again an icy chill went to my heart at his words, and I said:

"Suppose the engine should encounter the C—— passenger?"

"Then death would spread his wings over the spot of the collision."

I had no desire to pursue the conversation further; but he persisted in it, and I was greatly relieved when the train ran into Wayburgh.

The following night was dark and tempestuous, and I alone occupied the dépôt, watching the little machine before me. As I have said, Wayburgh was situated at the then terminus of the road, and, as yet, being a station, but few passengers came and went. That day a new engine arrived, and Mark Moore was put in charge of it.

From two o'clock in the afternoon to five, I saw him moving about the engine. Until ten I watched the little machine. Then Mark opened the door and stepped into the small apartment.

"Are you receiving a dispatch, Morgan?" he asked.

"No, Mark; why do you ask?"

"Because, if you are not, I wish you would leave the clicker a bit, come out and look at my Red Bird by lantern light."

"Had I not better wait till morning?" I quietly asked.

"No; she looks prettier at night—with steam up."

With steam up! I said, not a little astonished. "What for?"

"I'm going to take a little trial-trip," he smiled. "I'm going to run down-grade to Chalmers, reverse the engine and run back. The train will not be due here for an hour, and I can go to Chalmers and return within twenty minutes."

"But will not the authorities grumble?"

"Let them; and be hanged. I'm going to Chalmers. Are you going to come out and see me off?"

"To be sure, Mark," I said, rising and putting on my great-coat.

We walked out and into the great temporary shed, where the new and beautiful engine stood, ready to run off at the command of its master. By the lantern I saw that it was a model piece of mechanism, and in a short time I had mastered the whys and wherefores of the tumultuous parts of its machinery.

"You see?" said Mark Moore, "I have attached only the tender. I will go down to Chalmers like the lightning, and come back like a bullet. Can you not accompany me, Morg?"

"I dare not, be so long absent from my post at this hour, Mark," I answered.

"Were I to accompany you, I might leave Wayburgh under censure."

"Poch, man, no danger! But you must go with me."

He stepped nearer to me, and his whisky-laden breath assailed my olfactory.

I was surprised, for never before had I seen him under the influence of liquor.

"But I can not, Mark," I answered calmly, yet in a tone calculated to soothe the passion I thought was rising.

He put his lantern on the ground, and then sprung erect.

"You shall, Morg, Grenoble!" he cried, and before I could answer him, he dashed me to the earth, and planted his knees on my breast.

"Not a word out of you, Morg," he said, fiercely, producing a rope. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. You know we were discussing the consequences attending the rush of a maddened engine down the grade. I guess I won't go to Chalmers, but I will send you clear to the bottom of the grade?"

"Mark! you're mad!" I said.

"Would you murder me in cold blood, and others who are coming up on the 4:10 passenger?"

"Yes," he said, coldly.

"Think of the woman you would make a widow," I went on, picturing my sweet wife in Stockton.

"Think of Laura Comstock, and I didn't think you could answer him; he dashed me to the earth, and planted his knees on my breast.

It seemed as though every bone in my body was broken, and I敢 not tell how I ever survived through the prostration that followed. But I did, to find my hair ringing the spotless purity of the snow, and crowded on my youthful forehead.

A sheriff accompanied the southern train to Wayburgh, and arrested my rival.

He was never tried; for the third day following his arrest he was conveyed to the asylum; a harmless, hopeless phanæt.

I have told you the story, and, much relieved, I lay aside the pen.

Now, friends, gaze on the tableau, and watch the door!

INSTANTLY THE ROOM WAS AGLOW WITH FLASHING LIGHTS, SUDDENLY LIT, AND THEN THE GREEN CURTAIN WAS HURLED ASIDE.

A GHASTLY PICTURE WAS PRESENTED. WITHIN A GLASS CASE, THE LIGHT STREAMING FULL UPON IT, WERE THE WITHERED REMAINS OF A DEAD MAN—a KNIFE STICKING IN HIS BREAST!

TO ONE SIDE OF THIS STOOD A LARGE CHEST, OPENED; GOLD IN HEAPS AND MASSIVE PLATE WERE GLITTERING WITHIN IT. ON TOP, IN LARGE LETTERS, ON A PIECE OF PASTEBOARD, THE WORDS, JOHN ARLINGTON'S FORTUNE!

WITH ANOTHER WILD CRY, ST. CLAIR ARLINGTON TURNED, AND AVOIDING THE DOOR, WHICH HE NOW KNEW TO BE GUARDED, HE DASHED THROUGH THE WINDOW, CARRYING SASH AND ALL WITH HIM. HE WAS INSTANTLY FOLLOWED BY DELANEY HOWE.

SOME OF THE SHERIFFS, WHO WERE IN THE ROOM IN DISGUISE, SPRUNG THROUGH THE DOOR, AND DARTED IN PURSUIT. BUT ALL TRACE WAS QUICKLY LOST, THOUGH THEY DID NOT GIVE UP THE CHASE.

IT WAS NOW BETWEEN ELEVEN AND TWELVE O'CLOCK, AND THE MOON WAS SHINING BRILLIANTLY DOWN.

"MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL, MARK MOORE," I SHOUTED AFTER HIM.

I HEARD A DEVILISH CACCIATION PASS HIS LIPS, AND THEN SUNK BACK WITH A DESPAIRING GROAN.

THE GRADE BETWEEN WAYBURGH AND CHALMERS WAS QUITE STEEP, AND BEFORE I REACHED THE LITTLE TOWN, THE SPEED OF THE "RED BIRD" AND ITS TENDER SEEMED TO RIVAL THAT OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

ON, ON—FASTER, FASTER! THE TOWNS, WITH THEIR GLIMMERING LIGHTS, APPEARED AND WERE GONE IN A FLASH. I KNEW WE WOULD SOON BE IN STOCKTON.

THE MANNER IN WHICH I WAS BOUND PERMITTED ME TO LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOW. I DID SO, AND STOCKTON, THE HOME OF MY WIFE, GREETED ME WITH ITS MANY LIGHTS.

AHEAD, I SAW MANY PEOPLE STANDING IN FRONT OF THE DÉPÔT, WAITING FOR THE 4:10 PASSENGER. THE NEXT MOMENT I WAS CARRIED PAST THEM. I SAW THEIR ASTONISHED FACES, AND HEARD A PIERCING SHRIEK. I RECOGNIZED

THE VOICE AS MY WIFE'S. I SUNK BACK UNNERVED, AND HALF-UNCONSCIOUS, I WAS BORN ON.

SUDDENLY I ROUSED MYSELF.

IN A SHORT TIME I WOULD MEET THE SOUTHERN TRAIN, AND THEN—I SHUDDERED AT THE HORRID THOUGHT. THERE WAS ONE HOPE FOR ME—JUST ONE. PERHAPS THE OPERATOR HAD TELEGRAPHED DOWN THE GRADE, AND THIS WARNED THE COMING TRAIN WOULD SWITCH, AND SAVE ITS PASSENGERS FROM DEATH.

STILL ON, ON, AS FAST AS EVER, AND AT LAST I HEARD THE RUSH OF WATERS. THE NEXT MOMENT I WAS CROSSING THE MUSKETON; THE NEXT, I WAS FLYING THROUGH THE SUBURBS OF DALTON.

LOOKING OUT, I SAW, FAR AHEAD, THE GLARING HEADLIGHT OF THE SOUTHERN TRAIN. TO ME IT LOOKED AS THOUGH IT STOOD ON MY TRACK. I SUNK BACK AND GAVE MYSELF UP FOR LOST.

EVIDENTLY THE TRAIN HAD NOT BEEN WARNED.

ON! CLOSED MY EYES AND MURMURED THE LAST PRAYER I EXPECTED TO UTTER IN THIS WORLD OF VENGEFUL RIVALS.

SUDDENLY I HEARD A MAN SHOUT, "STAND BACK!" AND THEN CRASH! CRASH! ALL WAS DARK!

"IS HE INJURED MUCH?" SOMEBODY ASKED.

I OPENED MY EYES—ON EARTH? YES, THANK GOD.

SYMPATHIZING FACES BENT OVER ME, AND A SURGEON WAS EXAMINING MY WOUNDS.

"THE TIES STOPPED THE ENGINE," SAID THE SURGEON.

"WE RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM STOCKTON INFORMING US THAT THE NEW ENGINE WAS RUSHING HEADLESSLY DOWN THE GRADE.

THE SOUTHERN TRAIN WAS SWITCHED OFF UPON ITS ARRIVAL HERE, AND WE SET TO WORK TO PIPE INNUMERABLE TIES ON THE TRACK, WHICH, THANK GOD, CHECKED YOUR MAD CAREER!"

"TELEGRAM TO STOCKTON," I SAID, "TO MY WIFE."

"BUT MY WIFE HAD NOT RECOVERED FROM HER SWOON! SHE HAD RECOGNIZED MY PALE FACE, AS I DASHED PAST, AND FAINTED."

IT SEEMED AS THOUGH EVERY BONE IN MY BODY WAS BROKEN, AND I DARE NOT TELL HOW I EVER SURVIVED THROUGH THE PROSTRATION THAT FOLLOWED. BUT I DID, TO FIND MY HAIR RINGING THE SPOTLESS PURITY OF THE SNOW, AND CROWDED ON MY YOUTHFUL FOREHEAD.

A SHERIFF ACCOMPANIED THE SOUTHERN TRAIN TO WAYBURGH, AND ARRESTED MY RIVAL.

HE WAS NEVER TRIED; FOR THE THIRD DAY FOLLOWING HIS ARREST HE WAS CONVEYED TO THE ASYLUM; A HARMLESS, HOPELESS PHANÆT.

I HAVE TOLD YOU THE STORY, AND, MUCH RELIEVED, I LAY ASIDE THE PEN.

ANGELS' WINGS.

A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE SCENE WAS THAT PRESENTED ONE HOUR AFTER THE EVENTS AS OCCURRING IN THE LAST CHAPTER.

THE TIME MIDNIGHT; THE PLACE, THE HUMBLE HOME OF THE WIDOW HOWE.

THE WRITING, WHICH STOOD OUT SO SOFTLY, AND AT WHICH I STARED, READ THIS:

"I AM DISPLEASED AT AGNES AND HER WILFUL CONDUCT, AND SUCH CONDUCT! CAN I FORGET IT! NEVER, SO HELP ME HEAVEN! SHE DISOBeyed ME IN A SLIGHT COMMAND. WOULD SHE NOT HAVE DONE THE SAME, WHATEVER THAT COMMAND HAD BEEN?" ST. CLAIR, MY BROTHER, IS NEEDY. SHALL HE HAVE MY PROPERTY, ALLOWING HIM TO SEE IT, SOMETHING TO MY WILFUL DAUGHTER? YES, HE SEEMS GOOD; AND YET, AGNES! AGNES! SHE IS MY DAUGHTER! NO—NO! IT HEAVENS! I DO NOT DISHONOUR HER! IT WOULD BE MONSTROUS! SHE SHALL NOT REMEMBER WITH FEAR AND HATE HER STABBING FATHER."

JOHN ARLINGTON.

THE ROOM WAS INSTANTLY IN CONFUSION, AND CRIES RESOUNDED, HIGH AND THREATENING. AND THEN AGAIN THE VOICE OF THE SHOWMAN, RINGING CLEAR AND STERN ABOVE THE DIN, WAS HEARD:

"NOW, FRIENDS, GAZE ON THE TABLEAU, AND WATCH THE DOOR!"

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THE

# Saturday Journal

Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

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**THE SATURDAY JOURNAL** can be had of any news-dealer in the United States or Canadas. Persons reme from the **Saturday Journal**, or persons wishing to subscribe and receive their papers direct from our office by mail, will be supplied at the following rates, invariably in advance.

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To Contributors.—All contributions remitted must be fully prepaid, and also stamp inclosed for the MS. return, if it is not available. We can not accept and return manuscripts sent us gratis, nor need therefore authors should include stamps as indicated, which will secure the early re-mailing of the matter. All manuscripts will receive early and careful consideration.—Authors will please be careful to mark their initials on the back of their manuscript, and write plainly on the corner of the envelope the words "Book MSS." The postage on a package so addressed, is two cents for every four ounces. If not so marked the postage will be the usual letter rates, viz: three cents for the first ounce, and one cent for each of matter, postage being equal to those contributions (excellence being equal) which are strongest.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 93 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

## Contributors and Correspondents.

Correspondents will oblige us by not rolling their MSS. After being thus compressed for a few days, a man finds it almost impossible to flatten out the sheets again, so as to read without trouble. If authors would use commercial note size paper, writing only on one side, tearing off each half-sheet as written and remitting to us in flat or unfolded package it would greatly expedite the editor's labors and please com-

positors.

Can not use "THE OUTCAST" nor "KAVAGNAH'S WEDDING"; nor "GRACE TEMPLE'S PARTY." It is no use to send us MSS. as imperfections at these last mentioned.

"Who is BEAT TIME?" asks B. J. L. of Rochester. We answer: He is a regular magazine of driller who contributes to the columns of the **SATURDAY JOURNAL**. He is one of the geniuses whom we have evoked "at extraordinary expense" to illuminate our pages with smiles. And he is doing it, judging by the eagerness with which his coming is welcomed by the press and readers. He already is "an Institution."

"THE FOREST WAIF" not available. MS. returned.

"THE BANK CLERK'S CRIME" we do not care to retain. The author uses too many words to tell his story.

"ELIAS' CASE" we return more from having a surfeit of matter of its nature than from any want of excellency in the story.

T. D. WHITE.—Your package comes to us unpaid in postage, six cents. It is not customary for us to receive manuscripts not fully paid. We certainly shall not take the trouble to return the MS. unless all expenses are covered.

CARRIE MOORE.—Yes, to your wish to write for the press: a decided *no* to your idea of coming to the city. It is indeed a dangerous step for a young girl to take; the sad histories of a thousand street-wanderers are thus written: discontented in a country home; came to the city hopeful and eager to earn a living; suffered in mind and body and in a moment of despair fell. You might, it is true, not suffer; but you, as you can accomplish all, where you now are, surrounded by friends, it would be worse than folly to encounter the perils of the unsophisticated in this modern Babylon.

ESSIE DEANS.—A "French education" is, in our opinion, a *humble*. Try to acquire a thorough knowledge of English before thinking of a foreign tongue. In nine cases out of ten the "smattering" of French which our boarding school misses accuse is of no practical value whatever.

J. G. LA R.—We can not answer your notes by mail. Have no time for a correspondence which is not absolutely necessary.

PHIL K. D.—The theatrical profession like all "professions" is over-stocked. While good actors receive a fair salary for hard service, their engagements are by no means continuous. They are idle nearly or quite one-third of the time. Actors are poorly paid. The discouragements are such that you ought never to think of the stage as a calling unless you are certain of possessing commanding talents.

B. J. M. Hoboken.—Judging by what you send we think you are hardly qualified to write for the press.

"ANGEL'S LOVE." Is one of those average compositions which many papers may use; but, as we prefer what is *above* the average we will not print it now.

"THE FATAL KEY" is much too imperfect as a MS. to be "sent to press." The incident is a good one for a strong story.

## Foolscap Papers.

### At Congress.

Every day the world grows brighter, people get smarter, and peanuts grow cheaper. Every day the domain of intellect expands, and hats are made larger. What we are coming to, I do not know—but let me give you a summary of a day in Congress, dated somewhat ahead, which I caught today rolling down the street—I mean the document was rolling, not myself.

DEC'R, 1890.

The committee appointed to procure a new great seal of the United States from Alaska, reported one found.

A petition was read from a distiller, praying for the removal of a certain inspector, because, as the distiller said, "His bright smile haunts my still"—a little too closely.

A bill was passed reducing the number of officers in the navy to thirteen commanders to a skiff.

The Hon. Uri Nother reported his allowance of pen-knives and fine-tooth combs short.

An appropriation was made for the relief of veterans on the Frontiers—theaters.

A bill was passed altering the map of the United States so as to include Mexico, New Jersey and Winnipeg.

The bill authorizing the purchase of En-

gland was cussed and discussed, and finally referred to the Committee on Constitution and Buy-Laws.

Several dry goods bills were presented to the members of the House.

The bar-keeper of the House presented his bill. It was seriously considered.

Several members reported themselves out of garden-seeds; they considered them as seed sown in good soil, being productive of many votes.

The death of Hon. Peggan Naul being announced, Mr. P. Troleum delivered the following obituary:

"My Friend, the deceased, was born of virtuous but respected parents, and at a time when the very idea that he should ever occupy a seat in this House would have filled him with amusement. The extreme buoyance of his early nature often caused him, in the language of the poet, to pass under the Rod. This naturally made him smart. He learned to read, and got most of his classical education out of lottery-circulars, and afterward became familiar with the lore of the latest medical advertisements.

"It was at the age of eighteen that he formed his resolution of visiting the ruins of ancient Rome and Greece, but he never went.

"Shortly after this he ran away from home, but at the expiration of four months, like the Prodigal Son, he left his fitter to return to his daddy. From this period, he resolved to become a candidate for the Bench, and immediately apprenticed himself to a shoemaker, which station he filled, to the salvation of many soles, until called to occupy the one here he has just vacated.

"He leaves behind him one wife, and pretty much every thing in the worldly line that he couldn't take along.

"He was not a professed Christian, but at one time he zealously aided in extinguishing a fire in a colored church.

"He believed it was right to tell the truth under almost all circumstances, and his charity covered a multitude. Of sins he had few.

"His large honesty was not worn out with promiscuous use, and he was remarkable for the exactness of all his dealings with his fellow-men, as said fellow-men can testify. His patriotism was great; in the last war he fought gallantly and nobly with a fellow who was after the same girl. Take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again.

"It is not my intention to hold up Mr. Naul as a saint, but it is my firm belief that he died very happy, and with a smile. His name will be remembered wherever his deeds and mortgages are known.

"Hic Jacet."

After he had concluded, a messenger announced that Mr. Peggan Naul had been prevailed upon to drink a little soda, and eat a pickle, and had come to, feeling much better.

The Hon. G. Lory rose—it is necessary to chronicle that Mr. Lory's nose is always rose—and said some allusion had been made to his character by a member, in a debate that occurred a few days before. He desired a refraction, or would expose a little of that member's own character that would shake the capitol from the top of the cupola to the bottomless pit, and said that there was not a single gentleman in the House.

He afterward modified the last assertion, at the request of the nearest member, by saying he thought they were all married gentlemen.

This was the member who, calling upon some ladies, sent up his card, which, by some unaccountable accident, read—"Good FOR 1 DRINK."

A bill was then passed abolishing grindstones and iron kettles from the marts.

A bill was passed annexing the United States to Cuba, and ordering the island to be enlarged by filling up, and the taxes to be paid in Spanish needles.

A bill was passed reducing the tare-off on tailors' clothes, and increasing the duty of hen's laying more eggs.

A bill was presented to reduce good money to a counterfeit basis, as counterfeit money was so much cheaper.

A bill was passed requiring liquor-sellers to give two pints for a quart.

The reverend gentleman who supplies the House with tracts every day, introduced a petition praying that more pianos and billiard-tables be sent to the Digger Indians; also a new supply of Patent-office Reports and paper collars.

One gentleman who had occupied the floor for four hours was here persuaded to get up and lie on the sofa.

A bill to regulate domestic arrangements in families was referred to Committee on Foreign Relations.

The rear-admiral petitioned for more "Navy," as his old supply was all used up.

A bill was passed requiring the tax on perfumery to be paid at so much per cent.

A bill was passed ordering the words, "BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS," to be attached to all patent medicines, as it sounded well.

Shoo Flye, the celebrated Chinaman, presented a petition praying that the pig-tails of his people be protected as articles of China-wear.

A cane was here voted to the handsomest man in the House. Everybody got one.

The House adjourned after the reading of the following poem, written expressly for the occasion, by William Raw Swallows, entitled

### THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

There was a man in our town  
Who put on wondrous airs,  
And got a pair of pants so tight  
He couldn't kneel at prayers.

Down street, one misty morn, he went,  
At everybody blinking,  
But while he took this monstrous swell  
His pants they took to shrinking.

The damp mist fell around him and  
The sun it grew no brighter;  
The dew fell on his store-clothes,  
And still his pants grew tighter.

The clouds they gathered thick and fast,  
And turned into a sprinkle,  
But closer to him shrunk his pants  
And didn't show a wrinkle.

The sprinkle turned into a rain  
That looked not like a澍ing;  
But still the pants they grew so small  
The blood stopp circulating.

They mashed his bones to flinders,  
As would a jawful lion,  
But when assistance did arrive,  
"Twas found the man was dying.

Take warning, oh, my countrymen,  
From this sad antecedent,  
And do not wear the pants you sponge,  
But which your tailor didn't.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

### Respectfully Declined.

RESPECTFULLY declined! What a volume of meaning is concentrated in those two words, that only the poor unfortunate author can fully understand.

Perhaps the very polite editor has despondingly chosen to give you his reasons. If so, you should *always* take this as a sure sign, there are mighty powers of literary slumbering within your breast.

Perhaps, again, if he has criticised, piece by piece, your carefully-written article, and already shown, at least to his own mind, it is several degrees below fourth-rate gossip, take it kindly, for there is surely a balm when he closes, in the wise words of an editor, "Respectfully declined."

How much you should appreciate that word, "respectfully," that has been so kindly used to mitigate the galling after-word.

Perhaps the airy castle you built during the transmission of that article, has been cruelly dashed to the ground. But considerably later in mind the castle was quickly and cheaply built, and that the time intervening another article to the same polite editor, or the same shipped in some other direction, you can build another castle, perhaps possessing more symmetry than the first, and Providence may kindly delay the return of the article "Respectfully declined."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

### COURTSHIP.

A MODERATE time for courtship is from twelve to eighteen months. This, of course, greatly depends on other circumstances, but its length should not be unnecessarily extended. It is this sort of fashion—namely, that of interminable wooing—that gave occasion to the young man's objection to matrimony, when the same was urged upon him by his lady-love: "My dear," said he, "if we were married, I don't know where I could spend my evenings!"

Under no contingency give up the ship. If the analysis of your production shows a decided large proportion of the BLANK, in a highly concretive order, it may have been the cause of all your misfortune. Next time, branch out in the abstract, for it is much easier to pull to pieces than to stick together, and, under the circumstances, no doubt that is your *forte*.

But be careful and pull tenderly, and not too long at one time.

Close your article abruptly—that is the fashion, and indicates that much more could have been said, only you could not spare the time. Send this to the aforesaid polite editor, for you have gained one point with him, even if it was a *declining* one.

You are now in a position to force him to the wall, if he hesitates, or shows any signs of vacillation. Have you not letter of objection to your first article?

Does he not say it was too highly charged with concentration? Have you not entirely avoided this in your second?

In proportion as you feel confident in your position, mete out your vituperation. If he doesn't come to time, make him feel, if possible, it is dangerous to lightly cast aside your effusions.

Appeal to him, through your correspondence, in the character of Pluto, or "any other man" that would add influence for the weal of the people.

If religious, tread lightly upon the toes of ritualists and sectarians. But if its character is so unfortunate as to be neutral, prepare yourself for hard knocks on either and all sides. Unless you belong to the Dodge club, I advise you not to write to that paper.

If the force of circumstances are against you, and the second article is returned, etc., don't despair; every time you send, it puts a suit in his hand, and if you should happen to hold the ace, it is better than a trump. If you persevere, before he is aware, you will have the first three tricks, then, what do his two bows amount to?

Now offer to call it a misdeal, and he will quickly come to terms rather than suffer a  *euchre*, when you will have fairly started on the road to fame. If, however, the inevitable decree of fate are still against you, console yourself with this blessed assurance. Republics and editors are ungrateful institutions. Now is the time to change your tactics and write a book.

Take, for instance, for a title, Domestic Receipts for Domestic Households. The subject admits of brevity and variety. A good opportunity to show compressed genius.

Order ten thousand copies printed, in ten editions, and offer the tenth for sale first.

Write to the polite editor, that you look back with a great deal of amusement upon the time you attempted to write for a *one-horse journal*, and your revenge will be sweet.

CAPT. DALTON.

LAUGHERS.

There are different kinds of laughers—dim-pilers, smilers, grinners, horse-laughers and sneers.

And what a vast difference there is in the childish smile of innocence, the smile of a young mother, the smile of a lover, the smile of the rewarded poor, the smile of a friend, the smile of a politician who has gained the day, the smile of a coquette or a sharp rascal, the smile of an orthodox believer, and the smile of a fool or idiot.

### LATE HOURS.

If you want to make the ruin of a child

the little door, passed through the knot of idlers collected around it and proceeded on her way homeward. I followed, discreetly, some twenty paces in the rear. Luckily it was for her that I had waited, for on turning into Houston street, she was surrounded by a half a dozen or so of well-dressed loafers, that seem to spring out of the pavements of New York after nightfall, something as the armed men came from Cadmus' dragon-teeth.

The girl shrunk to one side and endeavored to avoid them; but the attempt was useless, for with coarse words and ribald jests they surrounded her.

"Hallo, my pretty dear!" cried one, apparently the leader of the party. "Ain't you afraid to be out so late? Shan't I see you home?"

A loud laugh from his companions proved that they enjoyed the covert insult.

As luck would have it, I had my cane with me—a good, stout hickory stick, as large round as a man's thumb—no bad weapon in a skirmish.

"Hold on, gentlemen," I said, quite politely, advancing to the side of the shrinking girl, and twirling my stick carelessly in my fingers, "you have made a slight mistake in regard to this lady. Take my arm, miss," I added, addressing the trembling girl.

She instantly accepted the proffered arm. I saw by her eyes that she had recognized me.

"Look a-here; what right have you got to interfere?" asked the discomfited "blood," still, however, keeping out of the reach of my stick.

"I am a friend of the lady, and if you wish any further information I refer you to yonder policeman," I said.

"Come along, Dick!" cried another of the fast young men, and speedily they departed. The policeman hint was quite sufficient.

"I'm very much obliged, sir," said the girl, earnestly, as we proceeded along the street, arm in arm.

"Don't mention it, I beg," I replied. "I suppose you know that I am a neighbor of yours?"

"Yes," she said, and even in the darkness of the night I could see that there was a half-smile, half-blush upon her face. It was very evident that she had detected me watching her.

"I suppose that I ought to apologize for looking at you so intently," I said, "but then you must consider that when I look out of my window, naturally I look at yours. Besides, of course, seeing you at the window I had a natural curiosity to know who you were."

"Yes, that is natural," she replied, smiling. "I confess, on my part, that I looked at you more, probably, than I ought to have done. But I couldn't help wondering when I saw that you wrote steadily from morning till night."

"I am an author," I said; "my name is Agile Penne."

"And mine is Leda Edwards." The thought of the painting—Leda and the swan—flashed into my mind and mentally I compared the second Leda to the first, and the comparison was not much to the disadvantage of the former.

"And are you in the theater?" I asked.

"Yes, I am a ballet-girl," she answered, honestly. "You do not think any the worse of me because I am a ballet-girl, do you?" and I saw plainly that she put the question with some little anxiety.

"No," I replied; "my education has been a liberal one. I respect an actress if she be a good pure woman as much as if she followed any other occupation."

"Ah!" she said, with a sigh, "but all the world does not think like you. I have been upon the stage now a year, and I do not think I am worse in any particular than when I sewed in a dressmaker's shop in the Bowery."

"How did you come to go on the stage?" I asked.

"I will tell you," she replied, "if you think it worth your while to listen."

"Certainly," I said.

"I came to New York with my father and mother just after the war ended. We came from Virginia. Father was a soldier on the southern side, and lost every thing in the war. Shortly after we arrived in New York my father died, and left mother and I to struggle alone in the world. My mother did not long survive the loss of father. She sickened and went from this cold world to join him in a better land. I procured work with a dressmaker, but I was not very strong and could not bear the constant confinement. I felt that if I did not obtain some other employment I should soon join my parents. And though I had but little wish to live, yet I knew that I must give myself up to death. A young girl, with whom I became acquainted, was engaged in the ballet. She saw that the constant work with the needle was killing me, and so she advised me to go on the stage. I had always thought that I should like to be an actress, and I had been told that some of the greatest stars of the stage were once ballet-girls, and though the position was humble, yet I knew that as long as I was a good girl, there was no disgrace attached to it. So I went on the stage. I receive eight dollars a week, and the stage-manager has promised me that next season he will give me little parts to play and then my salary will be increased."

"But are you not exposed to great temptation?" I asked.

"Not from those connected with the stage," she answered, quickly. "The actors are nearly all gentlemen, and I have yet to receive the first insulting word or look from any one of them. The insults come from young men like those whom you so kindly saved me from to-night. The stage-manager and ballet-master are sometimes a little cross, but that is when we are stupid and don't comprehend their teachings. People not connected with the theater have very little idea of what the ballet-girls are. Why, one of the leading actors of the country married a ballet-girl, hardly a year ago. She was in the same theater that he was playing a star engagement in. None of his folks think any the worse of her because she was in the ballet before she was married."

"I confess I am somewhat astonished at your statement," I said.

"Of course, there are good and bad everywhere," she continued; "all in the theater are not good girls, neither are all the shop-girls good."

By this time we had arrived at her door. I asked and obtained permission to call upon her.

And thus our acquaintance began.

Nightly I escorted her home from the theater.

It was useless to attempt to disguise my feelings. I loved her. I confessed that love and won from her the sweet confession that she loved me in return. She promised that in three months' time, she would become my wife.

Two months of these passed away. On the first night of the third month, a new pantomime was produced at the theater in which Leda was engaged; and in the pantomime, Leda was to make her *début* as an actress; the part of the "Speaking Fairy" being intrusted to her.

Eagerly, in a front seat, I waited to see my Leda succeed; for I felt sure that she would; and she did.

That very indulgent monster, the Public, took a fancy to her fresh young face, and as she spoke her speeches naturally and prettily, rewarded her with their approbation.

I could plainly see the smile of joy lighting up her features as the applause fell upon her ears. Ah! the Public little guesses how dear its applause is to the heart of the artist.

In the transformation at the end of the pantomime Leda ascended in a golden shell, surrounded by colored fires, to the clouds, forming the center picture.

The curtain descended amid a burst of applause, again it was rung up, and the final tableau again displayed.

Hardly had the curtain touched the stage the second time, when I heard a crash behind the scenes—something had evidently given way. The audience pouring out of the auditorium in haste had not noticed the noise.

A sickening chill crept over me; I remembered the dangerous position of Leda, high above the stage.

Frantic with the thought, I rushed to the back door of the theater. The doorkeeper, of course, knew me, as I was in the habit of coming for Leda, and admitted me without question. I made my way to the stage and there beheld a sight which congealed my blood with horror.

In the center of the stage, supported on the knee of the rough, grim old stage carpenter, who was now crying like a child, lay Leda, dying. Her golden hair was clotted here and there with blood—the red stains were upon the tinsel-adorned fairy dress that clothed her shapely form. The pale lips were gasping in the agonies of death.

A treacherous wire had given way and Leda had been hurled violently to the stage. Heartsick I knelt by the side of the dying girl. The blue eyes unclosed—they rested for a moment upon my face—the lips parted.

"Agile," she murmured, and then the red life-stream choked her utterance. Wildly I kissed away the blood from her colorless lips. A single convulsive motion and Leda lay before me—dead.

I can write no more.

"Marcia," he spoke firmly, but so tenderly, gently; "my poor child, why will you persist in this odd supposition? Do you not know I care for no one? Come, let us talk about a more agreeable subject, if any can interest you, at this pitiful hour."

"I'm not afraid, Trevor Courtney; young though I am, I willingly will die if I but carry with me the knowledge that you care for me; nay, more, the promise that you will not marry any one—Addie Wilmer in particular, with her long, sun-burned hair, and eyes blue as the June heavens."

She was growing excited now, and Doctor Courtney noted the feverish pulse.

"Marcia, my dear friend, let me call your mother; I hear your pacing anxiously by the door. Surely the ten minutes are up that you begged for; surely you will let me recall her to your side."

"No—no, Trevor Courtney, not till I hear you swear eternal fealty to me. Swear it, I command you!"

Her voice rose to a frenzied pitch; it was a moment when any other thought save that of soothing the half-crazed, dying girl was forgotten; and the handsome young physician, deeming it the best thing he could do, both socially and professionally, took her hot head against his breast.

"Marcia, I promise."

"Like a mad ruff through a cloud, her face brightened, and she smiled.

"I knew you would, Trevor, my own. I knew you'd forget the time I quarreled, and you refused to make up. I knew you'd love me again. I know now you'll be true to me."

For a moment she lay quiet; then, in a low, weird tone, that, despite his bitter judgment, thrilled him with a nameless, terrible dread, she spoke:

"But if you disregard this promise—oh, Trevor, if you dare do it—I will come from the spirit-world; by your side I will go, visible to you; invisible to any one else. Then will I chide you for your falsity; I can't now."

Her voice grew fainter; and Trevor sprung for the parents, who, at their daughter's beseeching request, had left her alone with her once betrothed lover.

An hour after, Marcia Thornley had done with earth; and Trevor Courtney was bound to her by an indissoluble tie; indissoluble, so far as honor went—so far as the dead girl meant it.

A delicate, petite figure; clouds of golden hair drifting in a waving glory adown

She smiled archly.

"No," he cried out almost fiercely, as if in defiance of the power he feared. "no, Addie, my darling. I can not remember the time when I did not love; I always shall; and one of these days we will be happy forever with each other."

He kissed her tenderly, while at his heart there were conflicting emotions.

"Shall I take you home now, dearest? The dew will begin to fall soon; and I can't afford to have you take cold. Besides, I have several calls to make yet before office-hours."

Together they walked home; past the silent city of the dead, and when Trevor Courtney saw the fresh-cut grass on Marcia's grave, and the exceedingly natural appearance of the spot, where lingered a friend or so, gazing in mournful silence on her resting-place, he felt his spirits rise; and he kissed Addie adieu with unwonted delight.

"You may say what you please, Addie, but I insist that Doctor Courtney is not the man he used to be."

Grandma Wilmer glanced over the golden bows of her spectacles to see Addie's flushed face.

"Why, grandma?"

"He acts as if ever under some restraint; as if he was afraid of leaving undone, or fearful of committing some appointed task. I can not explain exactly what I mean, but perhaps you will understand."

A shiver thrilled through Addie's heart.

"I do know, grandma. Oh, I wish I didn't! He often speaks strangely; often starts, and declares he sees something which I never can see. Oh, grandma, if he is going to die, what will I do?"

She buried her face in the soft folds of the old lady's dress; and grandma stroked her hair tenderly.

"It must be a fearful cross, my poor child; but we all have one great trouble in our lifetime. Addie, I would rather see young Doctor Courtney lying dead before me, than see him as I expect to see him a year hence."

Addie sprang up, in alarm.

"What? What do you mean?"

"My poor child; can you not see it—have you not seen it? Have you not heard the whisperings around the village that handsome young Doctor Trevor Courtney is becoming—what his mother was before him—*insane*?"

A scream burst from Addie's lips.

"Oh, merciful God!"



THE SPIRIT GUIDE.

I have told the story of the loved and lost.

The hot tears are in my eyes—a minute more and they will blot the paper.

If the few words I have written will convince even a single scoffer that some good may come out of Nazareth, the story of Leda, the ballet-girl, has not been told in vain.

**The Spirit Guide.**

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"SWEAR it, by all you hold sacred! swear by all your present joys, your future hopes!"

Her black eyes were flashing with fiercest earnestness, and her long, heavy hair swept like a darkening shadow down over her graceful white shoulders.

"Say," she continued, gasping and retaining the shapely white hand, almost womanly in its faultless contour. "I can not—no, I will not die, until I have your oath!"

He gazed steadily into her sweet, pure eyes; they dropped under his ardent gaze, and the cheeks flushed consciously.

"Addie, it must be my heart that is troubled. I am sure, now, it is *aching* for the love I bear you."

His face was pale, even while he spoke; but his eyes were full of the intense affection he felt.

For a moment neither broke the deep, sweet silence; then Addie, her beautiful face rosy with maidenly modesty, raised her eyes.

"I am so glad, Trevor. I love you dearly."

His arms were around her; his lips met hers. Could he avoid it? was he to blame?

He asked himself the questions; then, by an impulse unusual to him, he glanced toward the distant cemetery, as if conscious of the peril awaiting him.

A faint shiver, that startled the lady on his arm, thrilled him; and Addie, glancing up, saw his face was ashen white, and his hand extended in a gesture of terror.

"Trevor, Trevor, what is the matter?"

"Look! coming toward us from the grave,"

and don't you see it? A floating, floating form, with awful flashing eyes, and streaming black hair?

His voice was low and full of agitation.

"I see nothing, Trevor. As your physician,

Marcia, I command it. As—as—"

He hesitated, and a faint flush crept over his face. The girl saw it, and a cry of keen bitterness escaped her.

"You were going to say 'lover,' when you remembered Addie Wilmer's blue eyes, changed your mind. Oh, Trevor, Trevor, can not I even die claiming the love I once held, the love I have lived for, and dying for? Trevor, have mercy—oh, have mercy! Don't send me off to the spirit-land without one kiss for the sake of the past!"

Her plaintive, agonized words smote keenly on the young physician, but an expression of peculiar meaning gathered around his eyes.

"Perhaps they were dulled when you told me you loved me?"

## The Ebon Mask: THE MYSTERIOUS GUARDIAN.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.  
AUTHOR OF THE "SCARLET CRESCENT," "INJURED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE BAFFLED FATE.

AFAIR in the grove shone a light, now bright, now dim, as the waving branches revealed or obscured its glow.

"Almost there. Spur up, Pepe. Who knows but that, at this very moment, the vilians are within?"

Again they dashed on; and in a few moments alighted close by the humble entrance to the hut. The door burst open; Helene sprang to Julian's arms, almost insensible from her great joy. A single glance had sufficed to show him all was, as yet, safe, and extending a hand to Senora Vilencie, with the other arm he pressed his beauteous protégée closer to his heart.

The scene was one of bliss and joy; language were feeble to portray the deep, overflowing happiness that filled each breast. But, it was of short duration.</p

"What can detain them?"

For the fortieth time, probably, he had ejaculated the same question, and at each repetition, his face grew darker and more apprehensive.

Sounds of footsteps startled him; eagerly he turned; an expression of impatience escaped him, for 'twas only a boy, and he surely thought 'twas Ricovi.

"But the lad, instead of passing on, came up to him and handed him a note."

"An answer if you please, sir."

The frown deepened as he read:

"COLONEL ANTONIO ZARATE:

"By order of Colonel Aguirre De Leon I am commanded to request that you will meet him near the hut in the cypress grove at the appointed time, instead of the bay-road. Begging that you will not decline to thus favor him, I am happy to have the extreme honor to remain,

With profound respect,

Your obedient servant,

MANUEL ROSALER,

Captain, etc."

"The hut in the cypress grove!" By what strange fidelity had that place been selected?

Surely De Leon could not possibly know of it? Of course not; the idea was preposterous. He had doubtless selected the place as being more private, and, in case of any thing more serious, the hut was conveniently near. Besides, supposing Helene were there now, and her mother too? Ricovi and his accomplice would soon be back with one or both in custody.

"Tell Captain Rosaler, yes?"

"Is that all I shall say?"

"That is all. Vaya!"

Just as the boy turned away, a carriage drove up to the door, and an elderly man sprang out.

"Ah, Jacinto, I am rejoiced to see you; punctual as usual. Come in, and regale yourself with chocolate."

The two officers entered the apartment, and were passing through, when an orderly in hot haste advanced to Zarate.

"Colonel, the prisoner, Julian the hunter, has escaped through a hole cut in the wall!"

"Escaped, orderly? You tell me he has escaped? Can it be possible after the extra precautions I took last night?"

"He went by the outside, I said, sir—dug a hole in the wall. His chains are gone, too."

"Detail fifty men and scour the woods, and bring him back, dead or alive!"

That terrible baffled look was fearful to behold as it settled ashy over Zarate's face; a pale rage seemed to possess him, and his eyes were cold and stony, his voice shrill and unnatural as he addressed Jacinto:

"Tis almost sunrise, signor, and the time is come. Let us go. And if Ricovi or the orderly returns with either of the *escapades*, he added, turning to his Lieutenant, "have them secured until I return."

Donning his hat, and shouldering the heavy, awkward Spanish rifle, he and Jacinto and the post-surgeon, Dr. Viscarra, entered the carriage and rode to meet—what?

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### A LIFTING OF THE VAIL.

"WHAT, awake and up so early? Surely you can not have had sufficient rest. Remember it was well on to the morning when we retired."

Helene turned her bright face to the questioner, Leota.

"Might I not ask the same of you? But I will confess I should have indulged in a little more sleep had not the movements of these men disturbed me," she replied, pointing to the captives.

Leota glanced at them, and an expression of satisfaction flitted across her face.

"Oh, Leota, who is that coming?" suddenly asked Helene, who had gone to the window to inhale the fresh morning air. "Do you think they can be emissaries of the commandanté?" she asked, apprehensively.

"What if they are—are not we well protected?"

She glanced at the sleeping hunter and Pepe, who had watched their charge till day, then finding them perfectly quiet and secure, had indulged in a slight slumber.

"Yes, yes, but if they should, prove hostile and overpower us!"

"Nonsense!" cheerfully laughed Leota; "to me their occupation is not hostile—to us."

Silently they watched the movements without. It was about fifty yards from the window that two men were busily employed pulling up bushes and clearing the ground for the space of a few rods. At that distance the features were indistinct, but that they wore officers' uniforms was evident, the glittering straps and buttons being sufficiently prominent to dispel any doubt on that score.

The men had desisted in their work, and seemed awaiting something or somebody. Suddenly the sound of carriage-wheels came, crashing through the bushes, then stopped. A moment elapsed, and three gentlemen entered the cleared space—one, tall, haughty and elegant, the others, less so in their appearance.

Some conversation ensued, and the watchers in the hut saw one, the handsomest gentleman in uniform, turn and gaze toward them.

Helene saw his features plainly, and her face was pallid with terror as she gasped:

"Zarate!"

Julian and Pepe sprung to their feet, but Leota's reassuring smile was sufficient to stay them, and gently removing Helene and

placing her on the settee, she took the young men aside and communicated something to them—something that prevented any surprise when they joined Helene at the casement to watch the proceedings.

The parties had changed positions and their situation was suspiciously indicative of their intent.

"A duel, oh, a duel!" murmured Helene, pale and sick. "Indeed, I can not witness it. See, see, the rifles are raised! Quick, let me go before they fire!"

She rushed from the window and gained the other room just as a loud report fell upon her ear, and a heavy fall was distinctly heard at the hut.

It was Zarate who fell, his right side pierced by the ball from De Leon's rifle. He had instantly fallen, exclaiming: "I'm shot; De Leon, you've killed me."

Jacinto, his second, and Doctor Viscarra rushed to his side. Rigid, and apparently lifeless, he lay upon the ground, yet damp with the morning dew.

"Remove his clothes, doctor. Is he dead?" asked Jacinto, bending over him and assisting to strip off his clothing. Viscarra carefully examined the wound.

"I fear the ball has penetrated some vital part; his pulse is nearly gone, and you can see that his respiration is entirely suspended."

De Leon came forward and gazed earnestly upon his fallen enemy; his fine features were sad, and his voice, though betraying little emotion, was low and feeble.

"I almost regret this unfortunate termination of affairs. Yet it is better so. Better if he never returns to consciousness again than to learn his future if he recovers. Doctor Viscarra, he needs water—does he not?"

"Tis his only chance, but where is there any?"

De Leon pointed to the hut, almost hidden by the trees. Carefully they lifted the wounded soldier and conveyed him to the hut.

"They are coming here; let me go," struggled the affrighted Helene, as she saw the slow, sad procession move toward the door. She was too late, however, for the party had opened the door.

"Come, we will leave the room together," and only too glad, Leota and the ladies vacated the apartment.

For a long time no signs of life were visible in Zarate; but vigorous bathing and strong stimulants at length seemed to resuscitate him.

He gasped for breath, then sighed deeply, seemingly sensible of his condition. Later his energies seemed to return, and he gazed wonderingly around.

With quiet demeanor the little group watched his motions, as he slowly revived, and at length spoke. Even at that awful hour, his words sent a chill to every heart. His first glances had fallen upon Julian, who had been foremost in assisting him, and a deadly fire lit his dying eyes.

"Fool, you dare stand there and triumph over me? Never mind, but I'll—"

His breath failed him, but he glared fiercely at him. Julian's face was full of pitying compassion.

"Poor, mistaken soul," he said to De Leon. "And yet we can not pity him, so devoid of any humanity as he is; although I must confess my heart shrinks when I contemplate the revelations he must hear before he dies."

Gradually the wounded man revived; momentarily he grew stronger, until, after the lapse of an hour, he conversed with the physician and Jacinto.

He had several times essayed to address Julian or De Leon, but Viscarra forbade it.

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of a few firm friends your victims have escaped your machinations. Your conduct has been reported, and the king declares you removed and cashiered, should you survive this; such is your doom. And, my friends," he added, turning to the group, who, astounded and surprise-stricken—with two exceptions—listened to his words, "I am also instructed by the same authority to grant full and free pardon to Pepe Pinto, charged with desertion; and to Julian St. John, accused of aiding in the same, but which is, I know, a base fabrication."

De Leon paused, and it would be impossible to describe the awful look in the wretched Zarate's face. Horror, consternation, incredulity and shame were blended in his countenance as he gazed, helpless.

"It appears to me, gentlemen, that this proceeding is unkind. You must perceive you are endangering the patient's life—that a well person would sink under it."

"You are wrong, Viscarra; it is right that the guilty should hear their doom. Possibly when you are an hour older you will change your mind."

Viscarra bowed.

"Other revelations, the blackest of social crimes stand against your name, Colonel Zarate, and as you seem before a sort of tribunal, you shall hear them before you pass to the terrible presence of the Judge of right and wrong."

Noisily a graceful figure, clad in deepest mourning, glided up to Zarate where he lay, his head reclining on Viscarra's breast.

"Do you remember Leota of the Ebon Mask, whose warning you despised? I am she; and I will honestly confess, in thus coming to you, more pain is experienced than pleasure. But, for humanity's sake, for her sake, the spotless Helene, I come."

"Antonio, it is many years ago, but don't you remember the shady cottage on the banks of the softly-flowing Guadaluquivir, where the sweet flowers bloomed, and balmy breezes blew? Don't you remember another flower, a human blossom, whom you swore to protect and cherish, love and guard? One who gave her young heart in all its freshness and girlish purity to you, her husband? Yes, Antonio, you have not forgotten her, though you thought she had ceased to think of you. Do you remember your wife—Isabella?"

She threw off her heavy mask-vail.

"My God, Isabella! What do you here?" groaned.

Leota darted forward, and gazed earnestly in Leota's face.

"My promise is fulfilled, dear child, never to unmask till I disclosed his wickedness."

Of the assembled group but two seemed calm and unsurprised—De Leon and the Senora Valencie.

"Another word, Antonio; would you look upon the features of a beauteous maiden, spotless and pure, despite your machinations? Would you see her again who bears the name of Helene Valencie? She is here; gaze upon her, not as such, but—listen and thank God you escaped the awful crime—as Helene Zarate—your child and mine!"

She turned to Helene, with a cry of rapture.

"Darling, darling, my daughter, my own sweet child!" and she pressed her wildly to her heart.

Leota darted forward, and gazed earnestly in Leota's face.

"Husband, will you listen to me—*to Leota, your wife?*"

How strangely tender, how unspeakably reproachful in its sweetness, sounded that long unused title.

His eye lighted suddenly, and he whispered to Viscarra.

"Lady, he requests a last favor—one he feels utterly unworthy of. He would beg you to take my place."

The request created the intensest surprise, and they gazed at him in undisguised astonishment. He, the lawless villain, so humble? Impossible! They knew not the change the immediate vicinity of death can arouse.

Unhesitatingly she arose, and motioning Viscarra away, tenderly took her husband's hand and rested it on her bosom, smoothing the damp, disordered hair. He grasped her hand tightly, and lovingly caressed it.

"Isabella, *mia cara*, I am dying, dying; going down to my doom with a heavy load on my soul. Oh, my wife, I don't blame you for all the misery I have experienced this day, for I have caused you a thousand-fold more. De Leon, we were friends once, over in beautiful Spain, were we not? Then, for the sake of that past, forgive me—me, who twenty-four hours ago would have scorned asking forgiveness of any one. And oh—"

His voice grew faint, and a cold sweat upon his brow.

Even those who had been most severe wept at the sight, and De Leon, the stern soldier, turned to hide a tear. Truly it was a strange sight, this strong man just in the prime of life, so lately the incarnation of all that was vile, now subdued and dying, with his head reclining on the bosom of her he had so cruelly injured.

"Helene!"

She turned her tearful eyes upon him, then buried them in her mother's breast.

But Julian stood like one possessed.

"I can not understand it," he ejaculated, passing his hand bewilderingly over his brow.

"But 'tis true; true as the Scriptures; and the proof, look at us!"

Leota—or Signora Zarate—turned her face and Helene's toward the lover. He gazed scrutinizingly at them.

"Yes, it is so; the same lustrous hair, the same beautiful eyes, the expression, the voice, the manner. Mother—my mother; I am your son. You will not reject the love of another child?"

"Never," she replied, tenderly. "Here, Julian," she said, uniting their hands and clasping them in her own, "receive my blessing—a mother's warmest benison. May He who has so kindly favored us and restored us all to each other, ever love, and guide, protect and bless you!"

Julian bent and pressed a loving kiss on Helene's fair cheek, tears of joy streaming down their faces; the mother and foster-mother embraced her in silent joy, while the rough men, the hardy soldiers, could not repress the rising tears, and struggled vainly to conceal their emotion. All but Zarate, who, in his abject grief, was more

repulsive than when defiant. He did not seem to relapse, and the surgeon proposed taking him again to his quarters, where he could be cared for.

"No, no, I won't go," he whispered. "Let me die! Ruined, disgraced, what have I to live for? A wife who hates me, a child who fears me, enemies on every hand! No, no, I won't live; I must die!"

Something of the old spirit had returned.

"And, again, Zarate," said De Leon, "let me explain why I appeared so pleased with your diabolical plans. It was policy; you remember I never suggested any thing. It was necessary I should do so, in order to prove what was long suspected. And with the aid of your injured wife, or 'Leota' and 'Nifa,' I took good care that no ultimate harm should befall your victims. The challenge to the

Julian shall congratulate his dignified, "Uncle Pepe!"

Ricovi was justly punished, while José Escobedo received his meritorious acquittal.

Thus each in the cause of right and virtue meriting the deserved reward, as all who valiantly fight for the victory in the same battle most nobly receive, in their maintenance, we leave them.

THE END.

## Duke White: OR, THE GREEN RANGER OF THE SCIOITO.

BY CHARLES E. LA SALLE,  
AUTHOR OF "BURY BUNKER, THE TRAPPER."

### CHAPTER XIV. GRAY WOLF.

For some time succeeding the capture of Lizzie Rushton by the Wyandots, she was buoyed up by a strong hope of rescue, and so long as she was not treated with any personal indignity, her situation was not so distressing as might naturally be supposed.

But, as night and day passed, and her captors steadily journeyed toward the northwest, and she saw and heard nothing of her friends, her spirits began to sink, and she found herself speculating, not upon the possibility, but upon the probability of soon reaching a point where she would be entirely beyond the efforts of her friends to retake her.

The Wyandots were a powerful tribe, and if she was once fairly domiciled in their main village, it was scarcely possible for her to be recaptured by any thing short of an army.

Often and often, as they moved through the forest, she cast a "long, lingering look," as if she expected to see some familiar face, or hear some well-known voice come from their silent depths, but the woods gave no token, and she moved wearily on again.

The first night spent in camp was one filled with dreams of escape. She had known of persons situated apparently as hopelessly as she, who had stolen like phantoms out of the Indian camp, and made off in the darkness without discovery.

And why shouldn't she?

Heaven being her helper, she would!

One of the Wyandots gave her a blanket, and when she saw the others stretching out for the night, she wrapped the heavy blanket about her, and sitting on the ground, placed her head against a large tree.

This gave her the opportunity to scan all the Indians within the field of vision, while feigning sleep herself, and made her less liable to become unconscious than if she were reclining upon the earth.

The fire had been burning brightly, but it was not replenished after the red-skins lay down. It did not die entirely out, but it sunk so low that the dark forms stretched about her had a dim, uncertain appearance, that in the flickering light made the scene weird and impressive in the highest degree.

There was no sleep behind the partially-closed eyelids of Lizzie Rushton. She was waiting and watching her "time."

She had no means of judging of the passing of the night; but she believed it was not far from the turn, when she decided to make the attempt.

For the last hour she had not seen an Indian stir, and she was certain that no sentinels had been placed since they had gone into camp, so that every thing seemed to indicate encouragement.

She made several feints, stirring her limbs and faintly coughing to detect the vigilance of her captors; but none of them gave any evidence of hearing her, and her heart beat high with hope.

"I don't understand what this means," she reflected, more than once; "here is a party of Indians who have every reason to believe that they are pursued. Indeed there was an alarm some time ago, and yet they have all gone to sleep; and here am I, a captive who will do *anything* to get out of their power, and I haven't had my limbs bound, nor a watch placed over me! If I can only step over these sleeping forms without awaking them, I shall be out in the dark woods where no one can overtake me. What can this mean? It looks too favorable to be genuine."

But, having resolved on the attempt, she rose silently to her feet and began moving away with the stillness of a veritable phantom—stepping slowly and listening so intently that she could hear the throb of her own heart.

Not one of the forms stirred. A few steps more, and she had passed beyond the circle of sleepers, and stood on the outer verge.

"Now I am safe," she mused, her heart filled with unspeakable thankfulness; "for, if they should spring away, I can dart into the wood ahead of them!"

"Ough! go sleep!"

The same well-remembered grip was upon her arm, and the same Wyandot that had seized her as she was fleeing to the block-house, now held her in his vice-like grasp.

As Lizzie was looking at the figures around the camp-fire, this savage had come out of the darkness and caught her.

There was no escape, and the instant the red-skin loosened his hold, she walked back to the tree which she had left, and without a word seated herself where she had sat before. She made no reply, said not a word, but there was despair in her heart.

She understood it all now. The Indians who were stretched out around her were really asleep, but, without her knowledge, several were placed in the surrounding woods, and their well known cat-like vigilance was what made the rest lie down in such conscious security. They well knew that no human being could enter into or pass from the camp without being discovered by them.

It was a terrible disappointment to the captive, whose heart had been lifted to the very highest pinnacle of hope but a moment before. She felt for the time as though she should really die as she sat there in her loneliness and utter prostration.

But "balmy sleep" kindly came to her relief. She had passed the better part of two nights without slumber, and now that the all-absorbing theme had so intensely occupied her mind was removed, exhausted nature yielded, and she sank into deep, refreshing slumber.

She needed this rest greatly—not only on account of her past deprivation of it, but to brace and prepare her for the trials that were so close at hand.

Her slumber lasted without interruption through the remainder of the night, and when she awoke, it was from the confusion caused by her captors moving about her. Opening her eyes, she saw that it was broad daylight, and the Wyandots were busy with their preparations for moving onward again.

And so the time passed until the afternoon of the day that we saw close in the last chapter. The Wyandots made a short halt and were pressing forward toward the stream, where our friends were awaiting them when they were met by Gray Wolf.

The reception accorded to this warrior proved to Lizzie that he was one of the most renowned chiefs of his tribe, and the one who had absolute power among any congregation of his own people. She felt that her fate was transferred from the band of warriors to him, and she scrutinized him with no little eagerness to divine his intentions.

The signs all indicated the worst. The manner of Gray Wolf when his eyes first rested upon the captive showed that he was smitten with "Indian love," and doubtless would claim her as his squaw as soon as they reached the village, if not before.

This was the very thing which Lizzie dreaded, and her heart sank with a sickening fear, such as she had not known since her capture.

"Oh, why does not George come?" she sighed. "He must have heard of what has happened; does he not love me enough to dare any danger for me?"

Yes; she could not doubt him. She knew he would hasten to her rescue so soon as he could learn of the dire extremity in which she was placed.

But how long? Must he wait until she was the squaw of this dreaded Wyandot chief?

Gray Wolf scanned the poor girl narrowly, and looked so earnestly into her face that she felt the crimson upon her cheeks. He walked beside her, and when they halted stepped directly in front of her, so that she was compelled to turn aside to avoid him.

"Forest Rose," said he, "much pretty—be Gray Wolf's squaw—give her big lodge."

This was what she had been expecting, and she was therefore prepared for it. She hung her head and said nothing, for she could think of nothing to say in reply to such a remark.

There was rising in her heart such an bitter abomination of the huge painted human brute—such a hatred of his hideous visage, that she felt a strange, unnatural desire to kill him.

"If he ever lays the weight of his hand on me, I'll do it, too," she muttered to herself.

She could scarcely trust herself to look at him, and yet he was continually obstructing himself before her. He was open and undisguised in his admiration, and his intention of making her his squaw, so soon as they should reach the village or settlement.

And still she said nothing, and at night they reached the ferry and prepared to cross it.

### CHAPTER XV. THE RED DWARF'S STROKE.

As stated, it was quite dark when the Wyandots reached the ferry. The creek, broad and deep, could not be forded by wading, and skillful swimmers as were the Indians, they were not inclined to take to the water.

There was at their disposal only the single small canoe in which Gray Wolf had paddled across, and this was intended to carry but two persons, so that it could hardly be used for more.

But there was a "warrior-canoe" waiting on the opposite side, and after a few minutes' halt upon the part of the Wyandots, one of the red-skins sprung into the small one and shot swiftly across the creek.

As may be supposed, Duke White and his companions were watching all these movements with eager intensity. The ranger understood what it all meant, and was thus enabled to keep in check the fiery impatience of Chapman.

The Indian was gone but a few minutes, when he was seen returning with a larger canoe in tow, one that was sufficient to carry the whole party. With the two, he lightly touched the bank where his party were awaiting him.

Gray Wolf stood motionless until every warrior had seated himself. Lizzie Rushton had tremblingly awaited orders as to what she should do, and receiving none, started toward the larger boat. As she did so Gray Wolf caught her arm and held her motionless, while at the same moment the larger boat shoved away.

This left our heroine with the destituted chief, and she felt as though she would like to die at that moment.

"Where is George?" she asked herself, with a great sigh. "Have I no earthly friends to care for me?"

Gray Wolf motioned for her to enter his canoe, and she did not dare refuse. She stepped hastily in and took her seat near the prow, so as to be as far away from her abominable captor as possible.

As she sat there, looking down at the dark, swiftly-flowing stream, she felt how grateful would its cool embrace be to her fevered frame; but she was a conscientious girl, who, however much she might sigh for death, could not allow herself voluntarily to seek it.

Immediately after she stepped Gray Wolf, seating himself in the stern, seizing the single paddle with which to propel the boat. As he moved out from the shore, neither he nor Lizzie noticed a dark, ball-like object that floated swiftly down stream in the darkness, toward the canoe, and when it reached its stern, disappeared. They did not see it, and yet it concerned them both very greatly.

At this time the large canoe was quite a distance out in the stream, steadily moving toward the other shore; but Gray Wolf felt no special need of hurry. He admired the handsome pale-face in his power, and was disposed to make the most possible of this all too brief ride.

Lizzie could feel that his dark, evil eyes were fixed upon her, and she carefully avoided encountering them by steadily looking out over the dark stream. She felt as though the creek was her "Robinson." Once across that, and there would be no return for her.

Gray Wolf dipped his paddle and leisurely pursued his way; but leisurely as it was, it occurred to him that there was a tardiness in the canoe's movements for which he was not responsible. He had paddled it so frequently that he was pretty thoroughly acquainted with its capabilities, and he was sure there was something the matter with it.

Had he been alone, very likely he would have made an examination; but he was too much engrossed in the contemplation of the pale-faced beauty before him to care anything for that which did not imperatively claim his attention.

Lizzie Rushton sat, the personification of despair. With every stroke of the oar, it seemed her heart was beaten down—down—down, until she was certain she would die.

"God will protect me," she murmured; "but where is George? Has he not heard of my woe? My poor mother! her heart must be broken! Have I no human friends who care for me? Am I left alone?"

The curious tardiness of the canoe became more marked. It was as if it was dragging some heavy dead weight behind it.

Still Gray Wolf paddled leisurely forward, although he began to feel some annoyance at the unaccountable action of his boat; but so long as it continued progressing, even at such a slow rate, he was satisfied to sit still and feed his evil eyes upon his helpless captive.

At all once, when he dipped his paddle into the water it *staid there!*

Something had caught it fast, and he could not move it. He pulled quite powerfully once or twice, but it remained as immovable as if seized in the jaws of a shark.

With a natural thrill of alarm, he leaned over the edge of the canoe and looked into the water. As he did so, a dark hand shot upward, and a knife was buried in his heart!

With an awful groan he threw himself backward, and before the appalled Lizzie Rushton had an idea of what was the matter, the dwarfed form of Pee Wit came up out of the water and so skillfully vaulted into the canoe that there was scarcely any shock to its equilibrium; but her nerves were so shocked at the certainty that something dreadful had taken place, that she gave utterance to a scream of terror.

Pee Wit raised his hand as a warning to keep still.

"Sh! no noise!" he whispered. "Pee Wit here! he friend—he take care of pale-face—make no noise—all right!"

Lizzie Rushton identified the friendly Indian before he spoke, but she had already uttered her scream of terror, and it had attracted the notice of the Wyandots in the further boat. There was something in the sound of the outcry which aroused their suspicions, and they ceased paddling as if uncertain what it meant, but with the intention of fathoming the mystery.

Here was a dilemma for Pee Wit, for it showed the imminent probability of his being detected. He did not dare change the course of the canoe, for that would arouse suspicion at once; and as he was near the center of the stream, the Wyandots were certain to overhaul him before he could reach shore with his companion.

It therefore only remained for him to continue paddling toward the red-skins ahead until they were thrown off their guard, when he could manage to get beyond their reach without attracting notice, and this was scarcely less dangerous than to turn and run; for the physical contour of Pee Wit was such as to make it impossible for him to personate such an athletic

warrior as Gray Wolf with any possibility of success, when he was not concealed from view by darkness.

The Wyandot chief was stone-dead, and the light canoe was loaded almost to its gunwales. Pee Wit had taken his seat directly in front of the body, not daring to throw it overboard, while the attention of the other boat was drawn toward him.

The Indian dallied with the paddle, drifting further and further down-stream, and with his eye intently fixed on the larger canoe, the outlines of which could be distinctly seen in the dim星光.

Lizzie Rushton obeyed the directions of Pee Wit implicitly. She did not wait for the prow to touch the bank, but the very instant she was certain she could clear the intervening distance, she made the leap.

Aided by the momentum of the boat, and the energy of her own youthful limbs, she more than accomplished thefeat, and landed high and dry upon the bank, where she felt herself instantly seized again.

"Oh! heavens! am I captured again?" she wailed, believing all was lost.

"Yes; captured again!" exclaimed a joyous voice, and she was embraced and kissed again and again by her half-frantic captor.

"Is this the way you receive me?" asked Chapman, as he pressed her to his heart;

"don't you consider me any better than an Indian, Lizzie—my dearest—my own?"

"Oh, George!"

It was all she could murmur, when she faintly died out in the arms of her lover.

In the mean time, the cool-headed ranger was attending to other perhaps more important matters. He saw that the Wyandots had not made a full retreat, but had only withdrawn beyond what seemed the great immediate danger.

When they had been given time to recall that only two guns had been fired into them, they would know that that was all there was to be turned against them; for no party, after getting their enemies head and ears into ambush, would fail to take the utmost advantage possible of it, and inflict all the damage in their power before the enemy could gain time to withdraw.

And the lesson of this was that, interesting as was the situation of Lizzie Rushton, swooning and insensible in the arms of her lover, it still endangered her own and the safety of all concerned, and the imperative duty of the scoundrel was to start their flight toward the settlement at once.

"Come, cap, ye must fetch the gal to, powerful quick, fur it's more nor likely that them varmints 'll be back hyar afore long."

But Lizzie was not the girl to give way long to any such weakness. The sufferings which she had undergone were enough to try the nerve of the strongest man. She quickly rallied and looked about her in some confusion. Then, as she realized her situation, she murmured, in the low, sweet tones of love:

"Forgive me for thinking you would not come!"

"Heaven bless you," replied our hero, as he pressed the dear girl close to him. "But we are not out of danger yet; we must not tarry here."

"Who are with you?" asked Lizzie, looking about her.

"The Red Dwarf and Duke, and—I like to have forgotten—Lige Lamb!"

"What! he? What brought him so far?"

"He has come to rescue you," laughed Chapman.

"Can it be possible? Where is he?"

"He went further down the creek; he said he wanted to get a better crack at the varmints," replied the ranger; "but, I haven't heard his gun bark yit," he added.

"Perhaps he has crossed over to capture the whole party of Wyandots," said Chapman.

"It was he who deserted mother and I," said Lizzie Rushton, with the utmost indignation; "if he had remained with us, as any man would have done, this never could have happened."

"Never mind, dearest," whispered Chapman, as he drew her arm within his own; "it is all for the best, and the Indians shall never lay hands upon you again, shall I live to lay you down?"

"I don't know bout that," put in Duke; "the varmints may nab us all up if we stay hyar much longer."

"Where's Pee Wit?" asked Chapman, as he looked about and failed to see the friendly Indian.

"He's

## Camp-Fire Yarns,

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

## The Buffalo Decoy.

## AN ODD INCIDENT OF THE PRAIRIES.

"ONCE'T on a time," said an old trapper, who was entertaining our camp with his prairie experiences, "I tuk it inter my hand to play buffer-cow, an' the air counterfeet kin nigh costin' me my life. The thing war this: I war out upon the paraira, on a fork o' the Platte, whar me an' Ed Kunkle war trappin' beaver. We'd got out o' meat, for the buffer war scarce, an' not only sca're but shy as big-horns. They'd been made so by the Pawnee Indians, who'd jest finished up a grand hunt all over that deestrifk o' country, an' skeart the critters everywhere. The buffers had got so cummin' that they war'n't no chance o' approachin' em in the usual way; so Ed an' me see'd we must either hit on some plan o' circumventin' em, or starve; for the deer an' prong-horns war jest as bad skeart as the buffs; an' for over a week we ked git nuthin' to eat but paraira-dog—havin' in trapped neeyer bear in all them time.

"What air to be dud?" says Ed.

"We must think," says I.

"So we both tol' to thinkin'; an' jess as we war in the thick o' it, what shed loom up in sight but a gang o' buffers over a hundred strong. They war still far off over the paraira, but we ked tell they war n'makin' torst us, though kummin' on slow, an' browsin' on the short grass as they moved forward.

"I hev it," says I. "This chile am boun' to get ithin' shootin' distane o' them buffers, an' evikly boun' to throne one o' em in its tracks; so keep up yur sperrits, Ed; we'll hev hump-ribs for our dinner, an' tongue to folier."

"How'll ye git at 'em?" asked Ed, supposin' they'd skeear off, as others hed done, without givin' in the chance o' a shot. An' so I'd a-thort myself, but for the idee that hed kin inter my mind. It war this:

"About two weeks afore, we'd killed a buffer cow; an' thar war the skin in our tent. It war in good condishun, for I wanted it for a purpos, an' hed thurfor' been keeful in peelin' it o' the cow's karkiss. Soon as Ed see'd me take up the pelt, he understood jest what I war drivin' at, an' gin' me his help.

"In less'n ten minites arter, I war stetched up in the skin, thet kivered me from head to fut, an' so like a two-yer-old buffer-cow, that it 'ud' a puzzled one o' thar own kind to a' told the diff're. An' it did puzzle 'em, the hul gang, bulls, cows, an' all; for in a half an hour arter, when I hed laid myself in thar track, a good bit out on the paraira, they kep on torst me, 'ithout showin' any sign o' skeear. Contrarywise, they kin on out a sort o' kewiosity, scintin' an' smilin' as they crowded forward.

"I hedn't time to singule out one o' em for a shot afore they war close up, an' a'most roun' me. Then, pickin' out a cow that 'pear'd the biggest an' fattest, I drew trigger, an' down tumbled, cowy in her tracks. In course I expected the rest to take to thar heels on hearin' the shot; but in that I war disappointed, an' as it soon turned out, in the most unpleasanteashun. Instead o' runnin' off, the gang closed right roun' me, in a sort o' circle, the bulls on the inside o' it. An' of all the snorhin', an' bellerin', an stampin' o' the groun', an' farin' up the dirt, this chile ever see'd done by buffer, they war the biggest exhibishun o' it. They kin so clost, I ked feel the hot steam shootin' out o' thar red nostrils, an' smell that breath, w'l the scent o' the paraira-grass fresh upon 't. Thar war a score pair o' eyes flashin' aroun' me, as of they war on fire; an' a score pair o' threatenin' horns 'ithin' less'n ten feet o' my preecious karkiss.

"That ain't no needcessity for my tellin' you I war skeart, an' bad skeart, at that. I didn't think any longer o' counterfeetin' a buffer-cow, an' 'ud' a' throwed off the disguise instantie o' I ked 'e'd do so. But, Ed hed sowed the hide so fast roun' me, arms an' all, that I mout as well a' tried to jump out o' my own skin. What I did do, war to spring up from all-fours, an' stan' straight as a post, swingin' my empty rifle aroun' me!

"At this, the buffers 'peared taken a leetle aback, though they didn't all at once' rethret, but sud'ly groupin', a sort o' half-threatenin', an' half-surprised. I reck'n they must still a thort me a cow that hed reared up on thair hind-legs.

"Wal, I ain't sure yit what 'ud' a' been the upshot o' theire dilemma, an' whether it wudn't a' ended in the bulls gorin' me down, an' mince-meat o' me, w'l than hooves, if I hadn't thort o' thair way to git shet o' them. It war'n't much o' a think—only a sort o' instinkt o' self-preservashun. I hed brought out wi' me a big hoss-pistol, thet Ed hed bought from one o' the dragoons at Laramie's Fort, an' the which, when fired, give a crack most like a cannon. It war stuck inter the seam o' the cow-skin, jest behint my back, for, as you know, we strips buffer by sic'in' thar hides that way. I griped back, an' got hold o' the hoss-pistol, an' 'ithout losin' a second o' time let fly in the face o' a big bull that war behavin' the most obstrepolous o' the gang. I don't serpose the bald did him any harm; but the crack skeart him, along w'l the flash, as it did all the others; an' turnin' tail, away they went, talls up, lumberin' over the paraira.

"This chile kin say that in all his paraira-experience, he never seed the hind-quarters o' buffer w'l move rejoicin' than them. Fact is, they hed jest like a man do who hez been suddenly delivered from the jaws o' sartin' death.

"Wal, I thort it war all over; but wa'n't I mistook? The buffer war gone, an' for good. Thar ked be no doubt 'bout the. The cow I'd shot war still, lyin' dead whar I'd throwed her; an' I was now kongratelin' myself on the fine feedin' Ed an' I'd hev, arter our long spell o' short comins. But jest as I turned roun' to go to thar karkiss, I see'd that it war'n't sca'ely visible. It war surrounded by a crowd o' wolves. Not the small, sneaking coyotes, but the biggest kind o' buffer wolves! Thar war at least twenty o' em, o' all colors—black, white, brown an' gray. They hed just jumped the dead cow, an' war already varin' at her hide.

"My first thort war to run up an' drive 'em away, an' this war what I did, or rayther tried to do. But, though they made a bit o' a scatter when I charged among 'em, it war only for a yard or so; an' then they all turned upon me an' made sign to attack fiercer than hed the buffer-bulls. They, too, tut me for a cow!

"The yarmints war no doubt hungry, too, an' angered at bein' driv' from the fine feast they hed made beginnin' o', so thet, whither I mout be biped or quadrooped, they war determined on disputin' my right.

"I hed no arms, now, 'ceptin' the empty gun an' pistol; an' w'l the gun grapsed by the barrel, I laid roun' me. This kept them bayed a bit; but I'm sartin' sure it w'u'dn't a' answered for long. They war the fiercest an' famishedest pack this chile ever see'd in the hul coarse o' his huntin', an' he don't want never more to meet the like o' them ag'in'. If I'd been alone, than an' them, they'd a' made wolf-meat o' me sure; an' my bones ud' a' been left to bleach on the paraira, aside the skeleton o' thet buffer-cow, an' some traveler, seein' the two skins, must a' supposed a couple o' cows hed gone under-ha-ha!

"Wal, I wu'n't alone, as ya know, Ed Kunkle war w'l me, nigh by, a-watchin' the hul thing; an' jes' 'bout the time the wolves were beginnin' to snap that teeth clust to my shins, Ed put in a appearance, runnin' over the paraira, an' shoutin' like duration. As soon as theys 'spid him, 'pour' whose eedenity that ked be no doubt—for he stud six fit three in his moccasins—the wolves, too, made a scatter, an' left the disputed karkiss to myself an' my trappin' partner.

"We hed a good larf at the hul thing, as we sat thar night by our camp-fire, polishin' off the roast ribs! But I swore then I'd never play buffer-cow ag'in', not sail under false colors o' any kind; an' I've kep my oath."

## Cruiser Crusoe!

## LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER TEN.

DETERMINED to tame the zebra, my constant practice was to stand beside it while it was eating, and stroke its neck, play with its ears, in every way making friendly manifestations. As I did so, it seemed strange to me that an animal so much like the common ass, only taller, and with more beautiful skin, should be so exceedingly fierce, while the other was the meekest of beasts of burden. But, then, the wild ass is as savage as any.

The zebra would glare at me, curl her lip off from her teeth, snarl, and even, despite her muzzle, try to bite.

I was indeed sorely puzzled how to act, as not even the presence of her young would restrain her from flight if I let her loose.

Seated with my dog at my feet, the animal asleep with one eye open, and with a cockatoo and bird of paradise perched on a neighboring bush, I can not say that I was

creatures would thrive, while by judicious clipping of their wings and of a particular tendon in each leg, they would be unable to get away.

The first egg I obtained I found delicious.

The ostrich lays its eggs in simple hollows in the ground, usually in sandy places, not more than a few inches deep. It lays about twenty.

Its food consists of pods, seeds, and the top buds and leaves of several plants. The male bird is of a glossy jet black, with the exception of a few white feathers, which form an article of trade.

These creatures collect in troops, and will associate with the zebra, the spring-bok, and the gnu, but never with birds. It was with no small pride that I reviewed my flock as they were driven forward that day. The care reached, a rude pen was easily constructed, into which they were placed, with such food as the neighborhood afforded, and such an article of trade.

These creatures collect in troops, and will associate with the zebra, the spring-bok, and the gnu, but never with birds. It was with no small pride that I reviewed my flock as they were driven forward that day. The care reached, a rude pen was easily constructed, into which they were placed, with such food as the neighborhood afforded, and such an article of trade.

I now made a journey to my cave, whence I intended to convey a quantity of necessaries to my summer-house, where I intended to remain a long time.

Accordingly Tiger was harnessed to my clumsy cart (the box), which was loaded with such things as I most needed, after which we started.

On the way I beheld for the first time a number of cicada and locusts, especially in sandy spots, which were thinly covered with grass. The presence of locusts alarmed me, as I knew that the fearful swarms, the horrid clouds of these creatures mentioned in history as astonishing and frightening mankind at remote intervals, all took their flight from the continent near which was my island.

I was also displeased with the ants, I saw at intervals. I knew the danger, those of Africa being a numerous species, which, like the Destroying Angel, walk steadily forward in the path ordained them, sparing neither magnitude nor beauty, neither the living nor the dead. One species which seems at times to have no fixed habitation, ranges about in vast armies, and being furnished with very strong jaws, can attack whatever animal impedes their progress.

Avoiding these dangerous pests, as best I could, I finally shot a spring-bok, fed my dog, and enjoyed a broil in a lonely spot I had selected for a halting-place.

Seated with my dog at my feet, the animal asleep with one eye open, and with a cockatoo and bird of paradise perched on a neighboring bush, I can not say that I was



One morning, our breakfast being scanty, I thought I would scour the neighborhood in search of extra provisions, such as fruit, a nut or two, and perhaps a land tortoise or so.

With this view I advanced toward a row of cotton-trees, when I heard a roar, which I believed to come from some lion, and which made my dog, as if frightened, shrink behind me with tail drooping low.

Not hearing the cry repeated, however, and thinking that perhaps I had been mistaken, I crept through the low jungle, keeping my dog down, until I advanced about a hundred feet, when up jumped a covey of ostriches, two old ones and a young one. It then occurred to me that I had heard the singular fact stated, that, though the lion's voice seems to come deeper from the chest than that of the ostrich, it is impossible, at a moderate distance, to tell one from the other.

Away went my dog, sending the whole brood rushing over the prairie. When alarmed, these creatures take strides of twelve or fourteen feet. In fact, their speed is extremely fond of its young. When, therefore, the callow brood, not larger than bantam cocks, took to their heels, the female led the way, while the male hung behind to protect the rear.

The dog was with difficulty called away from the chicks until the cook attacked it furiously, fighting with great desperation. The young ones were not very easy to catch, but at length I succeeded in capturing quite a number, which I tied two by two by the legs. When my task was completed, I was compelled, to my great regret, to shoot the mother, which attacked me. It was between seven and eight feet high, and I have no doubt weighed nearly two hundred weight.

But how was all this prey to be taken to the camp. Fortunately I always had with me a ball of twine, one of several balls procured from the wreck. With this I tied the feet of the juvenile ostriches, which naturally ran very quickly, so close together that they could only waddle, and in this way the dog and I drove them into my "camp." I was proud of my capture, as I knew that the

unhappy. Certainly the hope of escape would often come, but I was always too much occupied with my various duties to give way to despondency.

An hour before sundown, next day, we reached the lake. The old zebra was hungry and tolerably tame, while the young ostriches were very noisy. I had collected such food during the last hour as would please them, and which I gave to them freely.

Next day I improved my raft; then made a voyage to the little island in the lake, upon which I intended to erect a new summer-house.

I did not fix my habitation exactly in the place selected before, but patiently sought a spot where the trees would aid my plans, and then commenced my work. My first essay in getting wood induced me afterward to act with extreme caution, as, on lifting a fallen trunk of a rotten tree, there issued forth a whole swarm of scorpions!

These creatures lie dormant in the hottest weather, but when the air is damp come forth. No sooner does the scorpion feel itself in contact with any part of the body of a man or beast than it lifts its tail, and with its horny sting inflicts a wound, which, though rarely fatal, is still of a very painful character.

I was careful to use a rake for the future; and no sooner was the ground clear and level than I made a great fire, which, as soon as it was burned to cinders and ashes, I spread over the whole surface of my future summer-house.

Then a number of poles were cut, which were planted at intervals between the trees to encourage the growth of creeping plants, while others were crossed overhead, and thickly patched with palm-leaves and branches.

Beneath this I swung my hammock; but not before, with great patience, I had made myself a ladder. Man, however, is never satisfied.

My retreat was soon finished, but with all the treasures of the island could afford, I often found myself longing for the homely potato of my native land.

Every day I crossed over the lake to my zebra and ostriches, which were growing wonderfully. Several times I approached the old zebra with the intention of vaulting upon its back, but its savage manner prevented me.

It was in fact absolutely necessary that I should have a saddle, bridle, and spurs before I could subdue it. Again, I was certain of it, that the same person had come within my reach, and I had allowed her to escape.

It was my fixed determination not to allow her to leave the island again without, at least, an interview. Now, my dogs would,

if theys accompanied me, to be unable to get away.

I was in a hurry to make use of the old zebra, that I might perform my journeys more easily. This led me to try an experiment.

One morning I commenced the work. In the first place the zebra was tied more tightly than before, and its muzzle drawn so firmly that it could not breathe except through its nostrils. Then, by means of my lasso, I threw it to the ground.

I had manufactured a rough kind of saddle, which, in spite of the creature's resistance, I passed round its body.

I had been oxen saddled to be ridden and had witnessed a struggle on their part, but it was nothing to the untamed zebra of the island.

Quickly upon the creature's back I lashed Tiger; then, having secured a strong and lengthy rope around the zebra's neck, I set it at liberty. For full two hours the animal, feeling its unconscious burden, which would bark and yell fiercely, careered hither and thither, plunging, reeling, rolling upon its side, but al to no purpose. Finding its efforts vain, it gradually became more quiet, when I led it back into its stable, and gave it not only a feed of nice fresh meat, but of corn and barley, to which, after some general show of repugnance, it took kindly.

Here was indeed a triumph on which I gloried with some show of reason. I was indeed delighted, and anticipated many a wild gallop over the island until what I ever hoped for should take place: my being picked up by some passing craft.

One hot day, at about noon, I was comfortably reclined in my hammock, which swung in the summer-house. Close at hand was a shelf on which rested my flint and steel with other useful articles; again within reach was a large calabash full of water; beside this was a bench and a rough table; then above this were two more shelves.

Beneath me was my dog, anxiously looking up for a chance morsel or a bone, which I verily believe this animal likes better than to be fed in the ordinary way.

Lord and monarch of "all I surveyed," I was on this occasion particularly happy.

Lazily swinging to and fro in my hammock, a drowsiness stole over me, when, dropping to sleep, I had a dream.

It seemed to me that there I was still in my bower, as I could see my dog reclining fast asleep, at one side of my hut. Nature itself seemed in a doze, for not a blade of

## "OWED" TO THE FIRST FLY OF THE SEASON.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Oh little fly that on my pane,  
This morning I see creeping,  
Right glad I welcome you again,  
After your winter's sleeping!

The little song you gayly sing,  
Is full of rhyme and reason,  
Because its music has a hint  
Of summer's coming season.

The spring, as yet, is cool and chill,  
And frost is hardly over;  
I fear some cold snap yet may kill  
Your darling little lover!

To-day the spider weaves his web;  
I see him slyly watch you;  
Be careful, or he'll give a grab,  
And in short order catch you.

And yet, who knows?—you may yet swim  
A dead corpse in our glasses,  
Or, reaching too far o'er the brim,  
Stick fast in the molasses.

Or I may find you in a pie—  
A sight to make me shiver!  
Unlucky you, who cry,  
Like black birds in the willow!</p